

THE SACRED DAGGER

by Rita Moller Hanson

Chapter 31 Nagaras Again

AWED by the suddenness of the retribution the rest of the men rose to their feet, hands up. Sherwood ordered Doddap to possess himself of the fallen man's pistol. "Now keep those birds on the left of the fire cage covered. Mackey, I'll take care of the others."

Anne had risen tremblingly and backed away from the dead man. "Come here," directed Sherwood. She obeyed. He asked if any of the men would like to try their luck and remove the dagger from the felt and see if he could fight his way free. There were brave and swaggering men among them, men untroubled by the superstitions of primitive people. For all they knew their future was a wall and a firing squad. Yet no one volunteered. He smiled slightly.

"Anne, put the knife where it belongs," she hesitated. "Put it away," Sherwood ordered sharply. "Now sit down and get hold of yourself." She dropped to an empty chest near by, the Nagara chief staring at her, his eyes shining with a supernatural light. Was she not proving the dagger—and herself?

Perseparation stood out on Sherwood's face. "This is risky," he said to Anne through set teeth, "but safer than trying to disarm the men." He directed the fellow nearest him on the right to advance towards the fire cage, deposit his weapons on the felt and return to his place.

The man dropped his revolver, unsling his rifle and bandolier and lay them beside it. Sherwood spoke sharply and the fellow removed his cartridge belt and threw it to the ground along with his dirk after which he returned to his place.

Anne felt that Sherwood had everything his own way. She could not understand the strain she sensed he labored under. "Get hold of those weapons and the ammunition," he ordered "and see if you know how to handle the revolver." He gave her a few directions for loading the weapon.

"Now grab your coat and get out and hide behind the second stone fence at the front before these men gather their wits and gang up on us. If any of them gets free and approaches you, shoot to kill."

She stood staring at him for a moment in dismay. "Get out," he yelled. She ran and crouched behind the second wall as he directed, having passed the guard lying on the ground bound like a bundle of hides. She understood now where Sherwood and Mackey had got their guns.

Doddap followed her and took cover near by. She could hear Sherwood barking orders to the men. The Nagara chieftain came out armed, and joined the lama. Then Sherwood and Mackey whipped through the door. Shots followed, but not men. They vaulted the stone fences and found the others.

"Master," said Doddap, "there's a Nagara camp in the canyon below here." "The Nagaras are just as dangerous to blaze as these white men are," Anne reminded the lama. "We must escape them both."

Sherwood shook his head. "Not you, Anne. You're safer with the Nagaras." He spoke to the chieftain through Doddap, directing him to take Anne to the camp on the river and notify the people of the presence of the white outlaws. He allowed the chieftain one of the rifles. The man stood up. A bullet cut his coat sleeve.

New Attack
WITH a fusillade of gunfire the men burst from the tent and took refuge behind the first wall. "Too late," growled Sherwood to Anne. "You'll have to stay here."

"I can shoot," she said. He set her to guard the gate. "Don't raise your head above the wall whatever you do. But if anyone shows at that opening, get him." He posted the other men and a lively volley began.

One outlaw vaulted the fence and was dropped. Another escaped unharmed. Then another— their numbers too much for the little defense party.

Crouching, Sherwood ran along the fence to Anne. "It looks—," he began. The Nagara chieftain shouted. There was a rush of men from the plain, tribesmen from the camp below, five, ten, twenty warriors armed with swords and rifles. Their chieftain, the chieftain, set them straight as to the trouble.

"Stay here till I return for you," Sherwood admonished Anne and followed the natives. The shooting ceased. It had become a hand to hand encounter of shouting and screaming men. Anne clapped her hands to her ears in horror. She did not know how long she crouched there. Hovering clouds had covered the sky.

Finally Doddap returned to her. "Sherwood says you must stay here until things are made clean. He will come soon."

She shuddered. "Did the Nagaras take any prisoners?" "Their villagers were massacred. They do as they are done by."

She smiled wanly. "What is happening to my friends that were left at the last camp?"

He stood there beside her staring into the darkness. She decided he intended to make no reply when suddenly he answered:

"They were freed by Sherwood and are coming to us. A Nagara subchieftain leads the way."

"Are you telling me poor Philip Oliver is able to travel?" "He walks with the rest; you shall see."

"In this darkness?" "They carry torches."

Sherwood came out to them and drew Anne to her feet. "Feeling a bit wobbly?" he asked. "Feeling something," she admitted. "How does one go about having hysterics?"

When he got her into the tent he scrutinized her face sharply, studying her eyes. "You're not going to have hysterics," he said, and motioned her to sit down on a birch wood chest. He dropped down on the furs beside her. Then he asked:

"How do the Nagaras dispose of their dead? Where's Pete?" "He's busy. Let's talk of something else," he suggested, and seemed relieved when the lama came in bringing him a bowl of food. It was a thick soup containing rice, flakes of meat, almonds, strange seeds they could not name. Anne shared a taste of them.

Said Doddap in leaving: "Snow has begun to fall."

"Then wolves will be running tonight," Anne remarked. "They won't bother our party," Sherwood assured her.

"I know." He looked at her. "I'm sorry; I see you do know."

"I can imagine that this tent is full of the wraiths of those dead men."

Reunion
HE gave her a look of despair and put an arm around her. "Please," he begged, "now listen. Don't let this thing get you. You've come through so far like a Spartan."

"But what is going to happen to us? I, through my parents, am responsible for the others."

He took one of her hands and held it to his cheek. "Nothing but their own characters can harm them either. I ought to warn you, Diana's up to something. I don't know what. They'll all be here soon, I surmise."

She moved away from him. "You promised me you'd try to escape."

"Through the knife came right at my head I did escape," he reminded her.

"By inches," she shuddered. "But that's not what I mean. You had a chance to get out and instead you came deeper."

He sat up facing her as the sound of many feet reached them. The two girls came in first, assisted by sturdy Nagara soldiers and dropped down beside Anne groaning.

"I'm here for life," declared Beth, with profound determination. "I'll ever go back over that trail." Anne could smile, now that they were all here safe. She drew farther out of the way and wrapped a rug around her. By the time more food had been prepared and eaten she'd dropped asleep and wakened again refreshed. With Sherwood she told of the adventure with the dagger.

Presently Beth went to the place behind the fire cage assigned to the girls as sleeping quarters, took off her shoes and declared: "Ready for bed; what a life!"

She looked about the tent. Anne sat beside Oliver. Mackey, despite his bruised lips, was playing his mouth organ, the doctor asleep next him. By the light of the fire Larry examined some flints he had picked up along the trail. Diana and Sherwood talked together in low tones.

"Well," murmured Beth, "do I sleep alone?" Her husband grinned at her. Anne said, "I'll be with you soon."

Diana continued her talk with Sherwood, her head close to his. Suddenly, she straightened and turned and stood at him a moment. Then she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him soundly.

"You darling," she cried, "I'll take you up on that. It's a bargain. You'll spruce to his feet and moved over to her place beside Beth."

The doctor and Oliver continued to sleep. Mackey's music blew a few sour notes before he could get himself under control again.

Beth sat and stared at Sherwood in startled exasperation. Anne felt a trifle sick. He could say to her, "Loving you is the trick," and then turn around and move Diana to ecstasy with his magic words.

Anne drew the furs snugly about Philip and then joined the girls. Hesitating a moment, she finally removed the Nagara belt and hung it across a tent rib above her.

"Not very comfortable to sleep in," she explained.

Beth squirmed to one side a bit.

"Don't let it fall on me. I'd as soon be mixed up with a desert viper."

Once in the night, Anne awakened and listening heard the wolf pack—far out on the plain.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial:
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640 Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 610, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJH, 1090, Seattle; KNX, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 930, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time shown is PST

Monday

5:00 p. m.—Theater, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Dr. I. Q. Jim McCallin, KPO, KGW, KOMO; String Ensemble, KGO, KJR; Summer Serenade, KEX.

5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR; That Strange Mr. Periwinkle, KOMO; Floyd "right," KPO, Stars of Today, KGW.

6:00 p. m.—Guy Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Gordon Jenkins' Orch., KGO, KEX; Contented Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Cavalade of America, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Blondie, KNA, KSL, KOIN; National Radio Forum, KJR; Rose Bessick, KGO; Shall We Wait, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX.

7:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; Gay Nineties, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Jerry James' Orch., KOMO; American Challenge, KPO; Richard Hilder's Orch., KGW.

8:00 p. m.—Neil Bondshu's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO, News, KEX; Those We Love, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Amateur Hour, KGO.

8:30 p. m.—Point Sublime, KPO, KOMO, KGW; What's On Your Mind? KNX, KSL, KOIN; American Challenge, KEX; Concert Hall, KJR.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Fantasy of Melody, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Hymn Service, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Pick a Tune, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bob Strong's Orch., KGO, KEX; News, KJR, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Ray Noble's Orch., KNX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Basin Street Chamber Music, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Ed Stocker and Music, KGO, KOMO, National Radio Forum, KGO, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Carl Ravazza's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Chuck Foster's Orch., KPO, KOMO; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO, KGW; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Tuesday

8:00 p. m.—Speaking of Glamour, KGO; Streamline Journal, KGO, KJR; Waite With Us, KPO; Second

Husband, KNX, KOIN; Silken Swing, KEX; Arboretum Talk, KOMO; Bible Quiz, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fibber McGee, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Lewisham Stadium Concert, KSL, KNX, KOIN.

9:00 p. m.—New American Music, KGO, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

9:30 p. m.—Uncle Jim's Question Bee, KGO, KJR, KE; College Humor, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Juan Arrieta, KOIN, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Grand Central Station, KGO, KEX, KJR.

10:30 p. m.—Johnny Presents, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Court of Missing Heirs, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

11:00 p. m.—We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Sammy Kaye's Orch., KGW, KOMO; Richard Hilder's Orch., KPO.

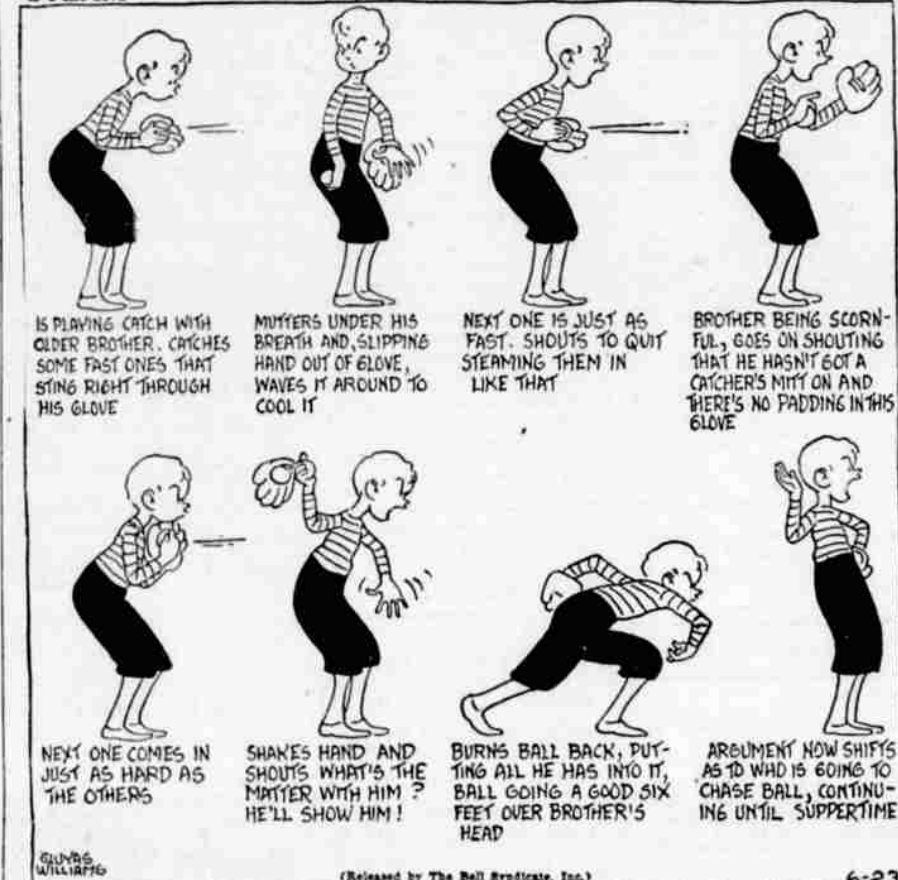
11:30 p. m.—Musical History Book, KGO, KJR; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Hollywood Showcase, KNX, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX; Richard Hilder's Orch., KSL.

12:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Phil Harris' Orch., KGO, KEX; Abe Lyman's Orch., KOMO; Barrel of Fun, KPO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Saltair Orch., KSL.

1:30 p. m.—Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN.

STEAM

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LIL ABNER—The Yokums Writhe Agin!



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Ynez Puts Betty Lou On a "Spot"



THE NEBBS—My Goodness!



is Judy Jones, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Concert Orch., KGO, News, KJR, Knox Manning, KNX.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO; Neil Bondshu's Orch., KGO, KJR; Dick Jurgens' Orch., KNX; News, KGW, KOIN; Freddie Nagel's Orch., KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Daryl Harpa's Orch., KGW, KOMO; Gordon Jenkins' Orch., KGO, KJR; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Soldiers of the Air, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—News, KGO, KGW; Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KOMO; Kenneth Stevens, KOIN, KSL; This

Moving World, KEX; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Motorcyclist Killed

Eugene, June 23. —(P)—Injuries suffered in being thrown from his motorcycle were fatal to Delvin Craig McLaughlin, 23, Eugene, today.

Axis Pals

Rome, June 23. —(P)—Authoritative sources said today the war economy of both Italy and Germany had been

strengthened in agreements reached in Berlin which put "armed forces in position to meet new tasks."

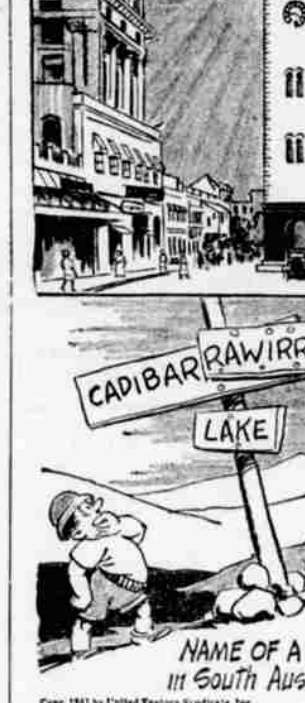
Narcotics Stolen

Tacoma, Wash., June 23.—(P)—Three armed bandits obtained \$2,500 worth of narcotics in a bold robbery of the Tacoma Drug company after tying up two men and a woman and forcing a third to open the company vault in which the drugs were stored.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

STREET LIGHT FOR SHIPS!
A LIGHTHOUSE STANDS IN THE
MIDDLE OF QUEEN STREET, Colombo,
capital of Ceylon...



REAL "STREET LIGHT"

The combined clock tower and lighthouse in a main street of Ceylon's capital overlooks the Indian Ocean. It is a widely known beacon.

HONEYMOON AT COLLEGE

June, 1908, Hyrum Smith, 26, took his bride, June Bushman, to Arizona State Teachers College at Flagstaff, while he studied there. In August, 1940, the Smiths spent their second honeymoon at the same school. Meanwhile they had raised seven children!

Tomorrow: Poor Man's Lawyer!

By AL CAPP

MEANWHILE—

BIG STANISLOUSE SAYS, IF YOUSE LITTLE RATS DON'T SING BY TOMORROW MORNIN', HE'LL GIVE YOUSE WHAT THE G-MEN GAVE DILLINGER!

HE WILL!—TSK!—TSK! ALL THIS TIME AN FIGGERED HE DIDN'T LIKE US, AN' NOW, BLESS HIS HIDE, HE'S A-GONNA GIVE US A PRESENT! WONDER WHAT IT WAS TH' G-MEN GAVE DILLINGER?

WE'LL FIND OUT IN TH' MORNIN'— IF WE DON'T SING!—SO NOT A SINGLE MOOSICAL NOTE OUT O' YO, PAPPY!!

BY HAL FORREST

ALARMED OVER THE FAILURE OF TOMMY AND SKEETS TO RETURN TO CASMETTO PLANTATION, BETTY LOU DECIDES TO BORROW THE WOUNDED LT. FERNANDO'S WAR PLANE AND SEARCH FOR THE BOYS, DESPITE THE PROTESTS OF HER FRIEND, YNEZ, WHO HURRIEDLY DRESSES...

BETTY PLEASE LISTEN TO ME! DO NOT GO! IT WILL BE DANGEROUS.

AND TOMMY AND SKEETS MAYBE IN DANGER! I'M GOING TO SEARCH FOR THEM, YNEZ!

THEY MAY HAVE MADE A FORCED LANDING... SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE!

BUT...YOU CANNOT FLY LT. FERNANDO'S ARMY PLANE!

WHY NOT? I'VE FLOWN FASTER ARMY SHIPS THAN THIS ONE! AND LT. FERNANDO CAN'T FLY ANYTHING NOW. IN HIS SERIOUS CONDITION!

BUT...THE ARMY OFFICIALS M-MAY ARREST YOU...

I'LL HAVE TO RISK THAT...

BETTY LOU... IF I CANNOT STOP YOU... I SHALL GO WITH YOU! DO NOT TRY TO PREVENT ME OR I SHALL SCREAM FOR FATHER!

BY SOL HESS

HERE YOU ARE, YOUNG LADY... SAFE AND SOUND IN NORTHVILLE

HEAVENLY DAYS AND NIGHTS! IS THAT CLEO?

I KNEW IT! I COULD FEEL IT IN MY BLOOD!

BY SOL HESS

Pea Workers Needed

Pendleton, June 23.—(P)—At least another 1,000 workers are

needed in the Athena area to harvest the rapidly maturing pea crop, Don Robbins, manager of the state employment service office here, said today.

College Course

Palestine, Tex. (U)—Glynn Link is going to pay his own way through college next year. He's raising 100 broad-breasted bronze turkey poult from which he expects to realize \$350 to \$400 before Texas A. & M. college, his chosen school, opens next fall.

Closing time too late to classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Not such a dummy

That fellow in our window is wearing a new PALM BEACH SUIT

\$17.75

Barkors

Store for Men